

The Quest of Betty Lancey

By NAGDA F. WEST

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CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

There Johnny had chills and fever, and Harry fell into the dumps, while Benoni tended Johnny like a woman, with such skill and technique that Larry was moved to ask if the black had ever studied medicine.

"Yes, I took my degree at Heidelberg," Benoni replied, somewhat gruffly. "They don't balk at an African prince in Germany."

"Why do you hate America, for you do, you know?" said Harry.

"Because it was an American, the father of the woman you know as Cerisse Wayne, who brought untold misery upon my father and his ancient African house," blurted Benoni, forcing Johnny to drink a tea he had steeped for him. The cave was coarsely furnished with skins, some crude pottery and cooking utensils. To Larry it looked like a secluded hunting lodge or the some-time retreat of a spasmodic hermit.

"Then you know about this mystery, just as I've thought," said Larry. "And into what mess you're taking Johnny and me, I'd like to know!"

"I'm trying to take you to Miss Lancey," responded Benoni. "I don't know, of course, but I'm pretty certain she's alive. That pigeon confirmed my belief of that. But as to telling you—Morris, the tale will unfold itself, and if it doesn't—" he shrugged his shoulders and put down the cup.

After that, even in the long watches of the night, when Johnny lay still and quiet, fighting a long, slow battle with his malady, Benoni forbore to discuss any aspect of the Wayne murder mystery. This tantalized Larry all the more. Benoni would speak, though, of his travels, and Larry listened to the narrations as spellbound as if to the master of all story-tellers. For the black had a marvelous power of language.

One morning the rain ceased to fall. Johnny was up now and walking around the cave, trying to laugh at the illness that had laid him so low. Larry had lost his watch when the punt overturned, also his notes of his African travels that he had conscientiously been making. Whether it was noon, night or dinner time, Larry never knew any more, and it might have been Christmas or Decoration Day for aught he might tell to the contrary. He tried Robinson Crusoe's notch-on-a-cross experiment in time keeping on a rock by the cave door, but had given up this calendar attempt as altogether too crude and too much of a near-Waterbury.

"We're going to move on to-day, boys," said Benoni, "as soon as breakfast's over."

"Now see here," objected Larry. "If I'm going to die I'd just as soon die right here as die of curiosity on the road, and that's what I'm going to do if you don't drop this swathing of mystery, Benoni, and tell us where we are going, and all about it. What's the matter with you, anyway? Why don't you take us into your confidence a bit? Supposing you'd die? Where would be then?"

"Better off if you knew nothing of what I know," Benoni responded. "Besides, I'm not going to die. Then, too, lack of knowledge means want of worry. You will need all your strength. I don't want it depleted by anxiety. Better trust in me quietly. I've not failed you yet. And I'm trying to pay you a debt of gratitude. In taking you where we are journeying I'm risking the lives of others I hold dear. Remember that!"

"Well, where are we going?" insisted Johnny. "I don't want to take any more of your launch rides if you're going to serve them up with jungle sauce, as you did before. I don't like the taste of the drinks!"

"We won't have any more of that ready?"

Rebelliously, mutinously, Johnny and Larry followed the giant African. The country all around was a waste of water, where the prodigal river had burst her bands. Afar to the south rose a dull granite mountain. Toward this Benoni bent his steps. They climbed the top of the hillock above the cave and by dextrous jumps and shrewd calculation reached an elevated plateau with but a nominal wetting. Thick grass carpeted this plateau, beat down to the earth, and interwoven by the pounding of the rains it made a slippery matting for them to walk upon. Far to the north rose the mountain, and to the west lumbered the nauseous river that skirted the cave. For hours they walked until they entered a thicket, through whose mazes Benoni found a labyrinthine path, which they threaded in silence. "Wonder what the time is?" volunteered Johnny.

"About noon, I think," answered Benoni. "We'd stop to eat, but I want to reach the castle before the rain begins again."

"The castle?" queried Johnny. "Whose? Whew—ee!"

They had stopped abruptly. The path had come out upon a wonderful garden, exquisitely laid out, though battered from the onslaughts of the rain. Ahead of them was a granite castle, and close to its uncouth entrance a girl was dancing. As they looked they saw that she was tall and fair, and that though there was a huge lion beside her, though her hair fell in braids down her back, and though her garb was that of a woman of ancient Greece, that she was unmistakably the long sought Betty!

CHAPTER XV.

City Editor Burton and Betty were walking in the garden. The garden was wet as a sponge, and Betty, shoes and stockings off, was joying in the rush of the water and the feel of the tepid ooze beneath her feet. It was the first time in days that the rain had not been falling. A haze still overspread the desert and the air seemed full enough of rain to have dripped if you had squeezed it. But Betty didn't care. Her long brown hair, still dull and satiny as a pecan-shell, despite the havoc of fever, sea wind and southern sun, dangled below her waist in two thick braids, and was parted with never a sign of a ripple over her broad white forehead. Betty's hair under no provocation had ever been known to curl. It was nice, straightforward hair. Her gown was a prolongation of Meta's tunic, and skirt of fine white linen, low of neck, devoid of sleeve and clasped at the shoulder with two flashing diamond buckles that Meta picked up somewhere around the castle. It was fastened at the belt by a wide girdle of cut and uncut diamonds curiously and indiscriminately mixed. Betty had long since ceased to take any interest in diamonds, for she had had more of flashing pins and gee-wags thrust on her by the admiring Meta during her stop in the castle than she had ever dreamed of owning. Betty's skirt, though much longer than Meta's, was very well above her ankles and with City Editor Burton as an appreciative audience Betty was practicing a barefoot dance as she had seen an ultra-fashionable exponent of barefoot dancing prance upon a very esthetic stage.

"Just watch, City Editor Burton," she laughed. "Just watch! Here is where I am expressing joy! Note the glow of the drapery, Burton, my boy, and the marvelous way in which the dancer sticks her toes into the ooze—Oh, there's a thorn. Now, City Editor Burton, I'm about to be captured and cast away on a desert isle—watch me—see this gesture in grief—City Editor mine—I send a message—see—I welcome a pigeon—see, there, City Editor Burton, it brings me a message from—oh, Meta, Meta—Meta—Larry—Johnny—"

Burton bayed a prodigious roar, Meta tumbled from the house with a small rifle in her hand as Betty, barefooted, dishevelled, sprang into the arms of Larry Morris, and let him hold her very tightly and kiss her forehead again and again, while red-headed Johnny Johnson grabbed her hands alternately and danced around so recklessly that City Editor Burton howled louder than a simoon. Betty and Larry were too rapt for words. Not so the incorrigible Johnny.

"Get on to the Isadora Duncan rig," he chortled, "and this animal here—your lap-dog, Betty? What do you call him?"

"City Editor Burton," mumbled Betty, extricating herself from Larry's arms, and both the men roared.

"Wouldn't I like to see old Burt's face if we could only ship him the brute," said Johnny. "It would be worth getting hung for!"

Meta, when she had recognized Larry as the original of the portrait in Betty's locket, lowered the little revolver, which till this moment Betty had not known she possessed. As Meta turned to go into the house Betty called her back, and putting her arm around the black girl's waist, she said: "Larry, dear, she has been good to me; this is Meta." Larry put out his hand and the black girl, half abashed, took it silently.

"Meta," echoed Johnny. "Where's Benoni? Is she his?"

Johnny whistled, and a man came through the brake—he came like a whirlwind, and when he saw the black girl by Betty's side a savage yell of triumph, mingled with the grief that is born of joy, rang out from both their throats.

"His wife," said Larry, quietly. "He brought us here. He and the pigeons. Betty, dear, it was so like you to think of the pigeons!"

"Oh, then my messages did some good; those blessed birds, those blessed birds!" exclaimed Betty. "I never knew what became of them. How did you find the way?"

"We followed Benoni; he knew the way best," answered Larry.

"His wife," said Betty, aghast. "And she never told!"

Johnson and Larry both laughed. "If that isn't the woman of it. You'll hold that up against her all her life, I suppose."

"Well, I don't care," said Betty. "Anyway, I'll bet I know one thing you boys don't. I know who killed Cerisse Wayne."

"Who?" asked both boys, in a breath.

"Well, then, it was the man who loved her best," replied Betty.

"Oh, what's his name?" asked Johnny.

"I don't know," said Betty, "but it must have been her husband, of course."

"Fall down on your assignment," sneered Larry. "No story's any good without names!"

The lion stretched his shrunken gaws over his rickety teeth and yawned slightly.

"Mademoiselle," said Meta, approaching, "you had better come in out of the wet—it is going to rain again. Look at the sky."

"Meta, do you speak English?" reproached Betty, with a mental resume of the weary days that she had spent

without intercourse of coherent speech since Tyoga's absence.

"Oh, forgive me," cried Meta, falling at her feet. "Yes, I went to a convent in London, Miladi, but they made me promise I would not let you know I knew your tongue. They were afraid I would tell—too much. But it has hurt me so much, Miladi; I felt at times that I would choke if I did not speak with you."

"Now I know why you couldn't learn English," laughed Betty. "But I know these boys are hungry. Let's get them some dinner and then we can talk."

"We must depart in all haste from here," warned Benoni. "To stop long is very dangerous."

"Benoni speaks truly," added his wife.

"But in all this rain that's to come!" expostulated Betty, "and we can't leave City Editor Burton."

"We're not going to," said Johnny. "That's too good a joke."

CHAPTER XVI.

In vain did the police and the reporters dig and pry into the house at 94 Briarswood place in hope of finding some trace of Hamley Hackleye.

Mr. Hackleye was not about. His London bankers could give no definite information about him. For thirty years he had been accustomed to go and come when he pleased. He had for a long while maintained a comfortable home at Khartoum and another at Cairo, but he visited these only at intervals, and sometimes was not seen in them for a year at a time. He was known to possess great estates located in Central Africa, but none knew positively where. He kept a retinue of servants at each establishment and a suave major-domo in each was accustomed to being the nominal head of the household. Neither of these men, however, could give any of the wished for explicit information about their master. Each home contained the usual accumulation of furniture, bric-a-brac, and the olla podrida of civilization that aggregates in every wealthy home, but nothing at all mysterious or in any way smacking of the criminal. They were the homes of a gentleman of wealth and culture. Any connection between the African laws and penalties of Mr. Hackleye and the Indian home of the Harcourt, it was impossible to discover. The Harcourt menage was located in the hill country, in a most beautiful spot. Harcourt had come there about seven years previously, at the time of his marriage to Narcisse De L'Enclos, the widow, a Madame Marie De L'Enclos, whose husband, Captain Raoul De L'Enclos, an honorably discharged officer in the French army, had brought his bride there immediately after their marriage. The captain had died a year after the birth of his daughter, and Madame De L'Enclos and the little girl Narcisse had lived in secluded magnificence, till one season on a trip to Calcutta, they had met Harold Harcourt, the younger son of an English nobleman, who was then visiting a cousin in the Indian city. After a brief acquaintance the young girl, then only 18, and Harcourt were married. The young pair went back to the hill country palace and the mother left for a continental voyage from which she never returned, though it was given out that she had died while abroad. Then the Harcourt baby came—a boy—and when he was two years old he met a tragic death. There had never been anything to give rise to suspicion about the Harcourt estate, nor was any seeming connection between the two families instituted except that both were accredited with possessing large diamond interests in Africa, and the peculiar likeness between the two women, and the similarity in handwriting and in the eponymy of the names of the two men. Portraits of Harcourt on the walls of his Indian home were photographed and sent to America and were an exact tally for the man held in jail in Chicago.

(To be continued.)

She Was Welcome.

"Can you give me any references from your last place?"

"No, ma'am. The last woman I worked for was Mrs. Lippy, that used to live next door to you. She an' I couldn't get along at all. You don't know how mean she is. I could tell you ever so many—"

"You may come."

A Bad Actor.

"I see that a scientist has proved that many horses have unsound minds."

"The one I bet on yesterday ought to have had a commission in lunacy appointed forty years ago, when he was a yearling."—Cleveland Leader.

Hard Luck.

Ames—Did you hear that Jones died last night?

Blames—You don't say! That's what I call rough luck.

Ames—How's that?

Blames—I paid him the £5 I owed him the day before yesterday.—Ally Sloper's.

The Sun.

Sir Robert Ball asserted that every 100 years the sun loses five miles of its diameter. To allay anxiety, however, he mentioned that the diameter of the sun is 860,000 miles and that 40,000 years hence the diameter would still be 850,000 miles.

Strong Habit.

"That fellow made money, but he certainly is a faker."

"Indeed he is. Why, the habit was so strong, that's why he built his new house on a bluff."—Baltimore American.

Vernacity.

"Figures can't lie," said the mathematician.

"Did you ever try to follow the argument put up by the figures on a tax-cab register?"—Washington Star.

Awful Thought.

"When I leave here I shall have to depend on my brains for a living."

"Don't take such a pessimistic view of things."—Cornell Widow.

FINDS JAPAN FRIENDLY.

American Secretary is Royally Entertained in Tokio.

Tokio—"Unhappily, forces for evil for unknown but sinister purposes constantly are endeavoring by false reports or other methods to create conditions of ill will or distrust between two neighboring peoples.

"Their relations are too firmly established and their interests are too distinct to admit of the possibility of any question arising between Japan and the United States, which will not yield readily to the ordinary process of diplomacy. The increased and more intimate exchange of views between the two governments dispels all apprehensions on that score."

This utterance was made by Foreign Minister Count Komura in toasting J. M. Dickinson, the American secretary of war, at a banquet given by Count Komura in honor of the American cabinet officer. Mr. Dickinson and his party arrived at Yokohama on board the steamer Siberia, and after an informal reception at the American consulate, came on to Tokio.

The dinner was a brilliant affair. Eighty persons sat down to the table, including Marquis Katsura, the Japanese prime minister, and five members of the cabinet; admirals, generals and officers and their ladies. After toasts to President Taft and the emperor had been proposed, respectively by Count Komura and Thomas J. O'Brien, the American ambassador, Count Komura, in proposing the health of Mr. Dickinson, referred to previous visits to Japan of President Taft.

"These visits I recall," said the foreign minister, "not only because his personality endeared him to all, but because his insight and calm judgment enabled him to appreciate the true value of the sentiments entertained by Japan for America."

PARALYTIC LAD WALKS.

Church of God Followers Think Miracle is Performed.

Kansas City, Mo.—Eugene Bell and his wife, of this city, believe a miracle has been performed upon their son Paul, 9 years old.

Paul has been helpless for a week with infantile paralysis. His father, an unordained minister of the Church of God, and other members of that church, have been trying the prayer cure on the boy. They were praying at the bedside at daybreak one morning when Paul awoke. At 7 o'clock the patient arose from his bed and walked to the breakfast table and ate. He could raise his arms almost as freely as before the attack. His right leg, useless for a week, supported him. The family believes him cured in answer to their prayers.

WAY TO APOLOGY SOUGHT.

Mediators Concerned With Adjusting Peru-Ecuador Dispute.

Washington—How best to arrange for Peru and Ecuador to apologize to one another for the stoning of their respective legations and consulates as a result of the boundary disputes last spring is one of the early problems that has called the representatives of three mediating nations, the United States, Brazil and Argentine Republic, into conference at Washington.

So much was learned on the second day of the conference, July 16.

The carrying out of the first conditions of the mediation, the withdrawal of the forces from the frontier and a cessation of warlike preparations, prompt demobilization and the return to a normal peace basis also are sought.

More Land to Be Opened.

Spokane—Two remaining Indian reservations in this state, the Yakima and Colville, are expected to be opened to settlement within the next year, according to Judge James W. Witten, superintendent of land drawings for the Interior department. Judge Witten is en route to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, where the drawings for lots in Plummer and other townships on the Coeur d'Alene reserve will be held. All the lands that can be irrigated on the Yakima reserve will be awarded to the Indians, leaving only grazing lands.

Drexel Flies 21 Miles.

Bournemouth, England—J. Armstrong Drexel, a son of Anthony Drexel, of Philadelphia and London, and the French aviator, Leon Morane, engaged in brilliant performances of over-sea speed flights. The start was at the aerodrome across the Solent in the direction of the Isle of Wight, thence round the Needles lighthouse and back, a distance of 21 miles. The Frenchman covered it in 25 minutes and the American in 34 minutes.

Murderers to Be Shot.

Salt Lake City—Harry Thorne, 19 years old, will be shot to death at the state prison September 9 next, for the murder of George Fassell, a grocer. Sentence was pronounced by District Judge Lewis. James Riley, who was Thorne's accomplice in the crime, and who also must pay the death penalty, according to the verdict, will be sentenced on July 23. Fassell was killed the night of March 26 last, when Thorne, Riley and an unknown man held up his store.

King Flies in Airship.

Brussels—King Ferdinand of Bulgaria established the record of being the first monarch to go aloft in a heavier-than-air machine, when he went for a flight in a biplane with M. de la Minne at the aerodrome at Kiewitt.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATES

EXTEND PORTAGE ROAD.

Conditions Prescribed by Legislature Met by Enterprising Citizens.

The Dalles—The money for the purchasing of the Portage road right of way has been subscribed and the extension from Big Eddy to this city is now an assured fact. Before many weeks the actual construction work will be commenced.

For several months the contractors, who have the construction work in charge, have been getting material on the ground and at the present time all of the machinery, ties, rails, etc., are here. The only thing that has been holding the extension back has been the delay in the purchase of the right of way.

At the last session of the legislature an appropriation was made for the extension of the Portage road from Big Eddy to this city. It was through the earnest endeavor of Senator N. J. Sinnott and others representing this district that such action was taken. In getting this appropriation it was necessary for the representatives of The Dalles and vicinity to make a certain pledge to show good faith, this promise being that of right of way would be furnished by the citizens and a public dock built by the city.

Several months ago the city council voted a bond issue of \$10,000 for the building of a public dock which will be built and ready for use by the time the extension of the road is finished. There was a little delay in starting the ball rolling, but as soon as the merchants and citizens were called upon they came through and the money was raised in a very short time.

RACE COURSE TO BE CLEAR.

Government to Patrol River During Astoria Regatta.

Astoria—For the first time in the history of the Astoria regatta the course on the river will this year be officially taken notice of by the Federal government. Steps are now in progress to this end, and that they will be successful is undoubted, as proceedings are being taken through the proper channel. A survey of the proposed course was made and submitted to Collector McGregor, who approved of it, and then forwarded it to the department of commerce and labor at Washington, which has authority over such matters.

The survey was returned without approval and a suggestion was made as to a change in the survey. This has been done, and the resurvey returned, and when it is approved the department will promulgate a general order directing that all vessels of every character and description shall keep off the course during the hours of the races. The course will be patrolled by government launches, and the master of any vessel violating the order will be subjected to a fine of \$500.

Through Line to Crater Lake.

Klamath Falls—L. W. Clapp, stage line operator, has established an automobile service between Klamath Falls and Crater Lake. Mr. Clapp has the contract with the Southern Pacific to handle the through passenger service from San Francisco to Crater Lake. Tickets can be purchased either at San Francisco or Portland and way points for the trip directly through by way of this great natural wonder. From San Francisco a ticket through will mean that after the arrival here passengers can remain over night and the following morning leave in an auto for the rim of Crater Lake where they will connect with another line from the other side.

Needs Cherry Pickers.

La Grande—With the largest crop of cherries in the history of Union county "dead ripe," a cry has gone up for pickers and packers. It is impossible to get help to harvest the bumper crop. The crews now at work are larger than ever before employed, but notwithstanding this the crop is so large that the augmented help cannot handle it fast enough. Unless help is obtained at once the orchardists will sustain heavy losses from lack of help.

Surveyors Finish Work.

Newport—Morris Wygant has finished a location railroad survey along the coast from Siletz bay to Yaquina bay. The preliminary survey was made two years ago. Wygant would make no statement, but from remarks dropped around camp it is believed the Spaulding Lumber company, of Falls City, is behind the proposed railroad. On the other hand, the United Railways company has let a 24-mile contract for a line into Tillamook, which is 25 miles above Siletz bay.

Lebanon Says Train Service Bad.

Salem—The railroad commission received a complaint from the citizens of Lebanon, Ore., of the passenger service afforded them between Lebanon and Albany on the Southern Pacific line. The complainants allege that the Southern Pacific passenger trains are seldom on time and its coaches are inadequate to comfortably carry patrons from Lebanon to Albany.

Gold Find Arouses Town.

Marshfield—It is reported here that there has been much gold found in the mountains about 30 miles southeast of Myrtle Point. There is a rush of people from Myrtle Point to the supposed rich district. For many years mining has been carried on in that part of the state, but never has paid well.

BIG WATER PROJECT ON

55,000 Acres of Rogue River to Be Irrigated.

Medford—Fifty-five thousand acres of the Rogue river valley will be irrigated, at an expenditure of \$2,000,000, within the next few years as the result of the closing of a company, composed of a party of the Kane capitalists, headed by F. W. W. acquires ownership of the property of the Fish Lake Water company.

The consideration was not given by either party to the transaction. Mr. Welch said that his company had had the property under option for a year and had spent nearly \$1,000,000 in examining the property, making surveys and in development work. The old company had about 60 miles of canals and ditches.

Fred N. Cummings, manager of the Rogue River Valley Canal company, said that his company would proceed once to the construction of additional canals and laterals until there were 100 miles of canals and 400 miles of laterals. The company owns mining rights in the Fish and Four Mile creeks with a storage capacity of 55,000 acre feet of water, besides the running water in the north and south forks of the Butte creek.

The company owns 7,000 acres of land in the valley in one body, on which it will maintain an experimental station in charge of an expert. Though the body of land the company has dug a canal six feet wide at the bottom and boulevard 60 feet wide paralleling the creek.

OWYHEE PROJECT RUSHED.

Engineer Called to Chicago After Enquiry on Irrigation Plans.

Ontario—George H. Binkley, an engineer for the Arnold Construction company, of Chicago, has been called to the home office of the company to consult the Trobridge-Niver company relative to the plans and specifications for the Owyhee irrigation project, which covers the Kingman colony Gem projects also. Mr. Binkley will with him the data gathered during the past year concerning this project, upon his return the plans will be submitted to the engineer selected by the water users of the district. The plans afterwards will be submitted to the state engineer for his approval and the district will then be in shape to receive bids on the construction of the reservoirs and canals. Secretary L. M. Blodgett, of the district, at the meeting of the directors in Salem was instructed to investigate the qualifications of several engineers, who are applicants for the position of local engineers for the district. The directors will meet again soon, when it is expected an appointment will be made.

Will Have Cheese Factory.

Toledo—Toledo is to have a cheese factory. T. B. James began construction this week on the building, which is to house the plant, and expects to be making cheese by August 15. He will build the plant on the Wadsworth place, and will build a wharf out deep water so the Wilhelmina can load the products with convenience. The capacity of the factory will be 500,000 pounds of milk daily, but this can be increased to 1,000 gallons.

Prizes for Apples Offered.

Salem—As a premium for the best apple exhibit from Marion county at the State Horticultural academy show in Portland in November, the Salem board of trade has just offered \$25. A local concern has also offered a barrel of spray for the best best Spitzenberg apples grown in the Yamhill valley.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Bluestem, 87@88; 83@84; red Russian, 80; valley, 80; barley—Feed and brewing, 41@42; corn—Whole, 32; cracked, 33; Hay—Track prices: Timothy, 10@11; lamet valley, 20@21 per ton; Eastern Oregon, 22@24; alfalfa, new, 10@11.

Oats—No. 1 white, 26@27 per bushel; Butter—City creamery extra, 23@24; fancy outside creamery, 23@24; 23c. Butter fat prices average 15c per pound under regular prices.

Eggs—Oregon candled, 27c dozen; Eastern, 25c.

Poultry—Hens, 19@20c; spring chickens, 22@23c; ducks, 14c; geese, 10@11c; turkeys, dressed, 22@23c; live, 20c; squabs, 43c per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 12 1/2@13c per pound; Veal—Fancy, 11@11 1/2c per pound; Green Fruits—Apples, Oregon No. 1, 2@2.25; No. 2, 1.75@2; cherries, 5@12 1/2c per pound; apricots, 1.25@1.50 per box; currants, 2.40; pears, new, 1.35; peaches, 85c; raspberries, 1.10@1.25 per crate; loganberries, 40c@51; blackcaps, 40c@51; 1.50 per box; blackberries, 1.75@2.00.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 60@70c per dozen; beans, 1@3c per pound; cabbage, 2 1/2@2 3/4c; cauliflower, 40c per dozen; celery, 90c; cucumbers, 10c; egg plant, 12 1/2c per dozen; lettuce, 50@60c per dozen; green onions, 15c; peas, 2c per pound; fishes, 15@20c per dozen; spinach, 10c per pound; carrots, 80c@85c; beets, 1.50; parsnips, 75c@81c.

Potatoes—Old Oregon, 75c@81c per hundred; new, 1 1/2c per pound.

Onions—Walla Walla, 22.50 sack; Cattle—Best steers, good to choice, \$4.75@5.25; fair to medium, \$4.25@4.65; fair to medium, \$3.75@4.15; bulls, \$3@4; stags, \$3@4; calves, light, \$5.60@6.65; heavy, \$4@5.25.

Hogs—Top, \$9.75@10.25; fair to medium, \$8.50@9.50.